1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Taiwan AD6
Formosa AD1

T 517 Tn 545 546

and seeing the show, and only partially because of the cost. When the villagers do attend, they generally go in small groups of young boys, or young girls, or a group of older women.

CLOTHING

T 291

The villagers' clothing, like their food, is marked by simplicity and a show of thrift. It is not at all uncommon to see a villager wearing work clothes which have been patched several times. Even for special occasions such as a marriage or a large *pai-pai* festival most villagers still dress very simply.

The style of clothing usually varies with age. Older villagers generally wear the traditional Chinese clothing of pantaloons and jacket, although in very hot weather men of all ages wear shorts and a T-shirt when working. In colder weather boys and men (other than the older and more traditionally dressed men) wear ordinary khaki wash pants and several shirts, and a sweater or jacket if they happen to own one. For protection against the cold, a villager depends on a number of layers of clothing, usually cotton, rather than a few layers of woolen items. The cotton padded jacket is worn more by older men and women than by young people.

T 291 177

While older women wear the more traditional clothing, younger women and girls prefer and usually wear the Western-style dresses, skirts, and blouses which have become very popular since the war. Such clothes are usually made to order either by village seamstresses or in Lukang. Young girls and women wear the Chinese tunic dress (*ch'i p'ao*) on the occasion of their marriage, on special outings to Lukang or Taipei, and during important village festivals. Many of the older villagers tell of the old days when "everyone, including the rich, wore coarse cloth, since in those days people were thrifty." But today, these old people complain, "people are no longer satisfied with coarse cloth and want to wear the better cloth."

T [178]

T 286 432 F 175 439 Tn 288

Still, few villagers remember ever having made their own cloth. "Cloth has practically always been purchased in Lukang or from itinerant merchants." Before the Japanese period, inexpensive undyed cloth was apparently imported from the mainland, and during the Japanese period, cloth manufactured in Japan was used. Since the end of the war, the Taiwanese textile industry has grown rapidly, mainly in the vicinity of Chang-hua City and Ho-mei, and today all the cloth used by villagers is Taiwanese-made.

T 294 T 294 435

Nowadays there is a great deal of specialization, and it is both uneconomical and difficult for villagers to make their own clothing unless a member of the household, usually one of the daughters, has studied sewing. A family's clothing is usually made to order by locally

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Taiwan AD6

trained seamstresses in Hsin Hsing or neighboring villages, or by tailors in Lukang, at relatively little expense. For example, if one supplies the cloth, a village seamstress charges NT $8 (US $0.22) and a Lukang seamstress NT $15 (US $0.42) to tailor a Western-style dress.[10] Most of the villagers consider homemade clothing rather crude and neither as well made nor as stylish as clothes made outside the home. Items such as men's khaki wash pants, all kinds of sweaters, and windbreakers are usually bought ready-made in Lukang or in Taipei by those villagers who work there.

Wooden clogs are the most common footwear in the village, and it is interesting to note the development in the last few years of a great variety of design and color in the plastic band which goes over the instep. In addition, the flat top surface of the wooden clog may now also display designs. Thus, buying a pair of clogs in Lukang is very much like buying a pair of leather shoes in the United States. There are numerous styles and colors from which to choose, all on display in the shops in the market or the sidewalk stands on the street.

Unless he has worked in Taipei and worn shoes there, a village man's first pair of leather shoes is usually bought at the time of his marriage. Girls sometimes own a pair of very inexpensive leather flat-heeled shoes. In addition, the younger people usually own a pair of sneakers which they wear to school and on trips outside the village area.

In the village area people usually go barefoot while working during the day, and then at night, after washing their feet, they wear wooden clogs. The people are thrifty with their footgear, and one frequently sees men or women carrying their wooden clogs, or a young girl her leather shoes, as they walk along the road on the way home from some affair. The affair has ended, and with it the reason for wearing shoes.

HEALTH, SANITATION, AND MEDICAL FACILITIES

The health situation in Hsin Hsing village has changed considerably for the better in recent years. Before the Japanese began their public health program, diseases of epidemic proportions were common. Cholera and malaria, which are now almost nonexistent, were great killers, and the mortality rate for infants and children was extremely high. Native medicines were of limited value. However, first under the Japanese and now the Chinese, Western medical technology, medicines, and public health techniques have greatly reduced the high mortality rate.

Through the use of Western medicines, especially penicillin, the many diseases still common in the countryside are fairly easy to control

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-A]

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ABOVE: Housebuilding in Hsin Hsing. BELOW: Bedroom of a village landlord's married son.

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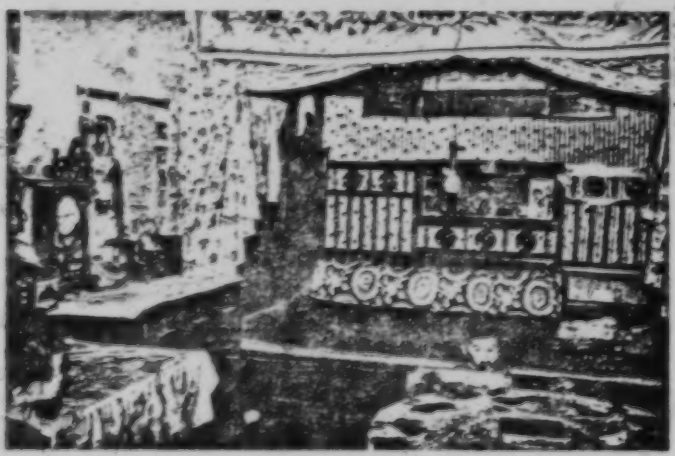

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-B]

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ABOVE: Itinerant beautician. BELOW: Itinerant artisan making steamers.

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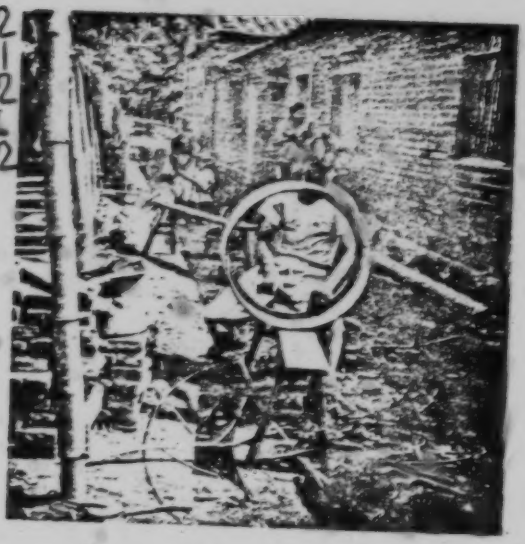

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P. 148-C]

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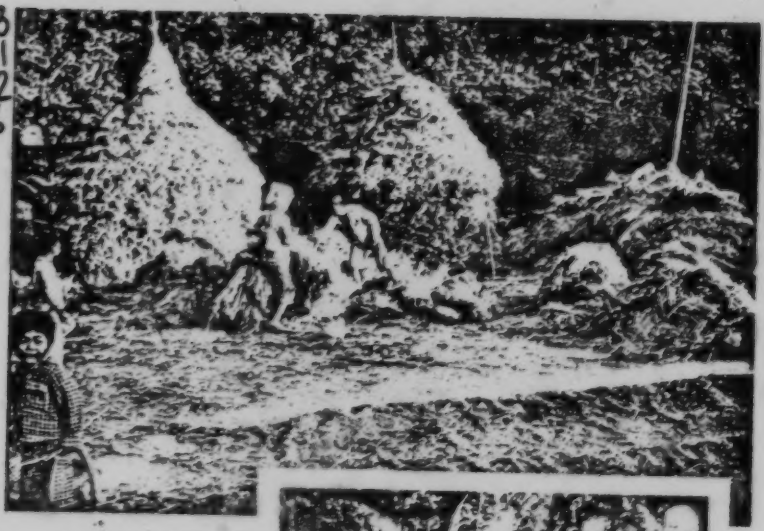

ABOVE: Stacking rice straw after harvest. RIGHT: Grinding glutinous rice for holiday cakes.

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1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-D]

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ABOVE: "Good-luck lady" leads typical Hsin Hsing bride to sedan chair. LEFT: Son of successful Hsin Hsing village migrant and his bride. BELOW: *Pai-pai* to T'ien Kung for sixteen-year-old boy.

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1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-E]

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ABOVE: Ancestor worship. RIGHT: Altar in kung t'ing with statues of invited gods. BELOW: *Tao shih* begins *pai-pai* at midnight before arrival of bride.

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1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P. 148-F]

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ABOVE: Transporting pig to market.
BELOW: Worship after sale of pig.

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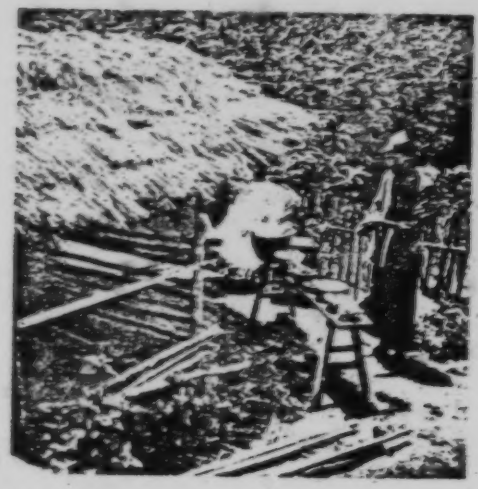

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-G]

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ABOVE: Neighboring village comes to Hsin Hsing to pick up bride. BELOW: Sending boys off to army.

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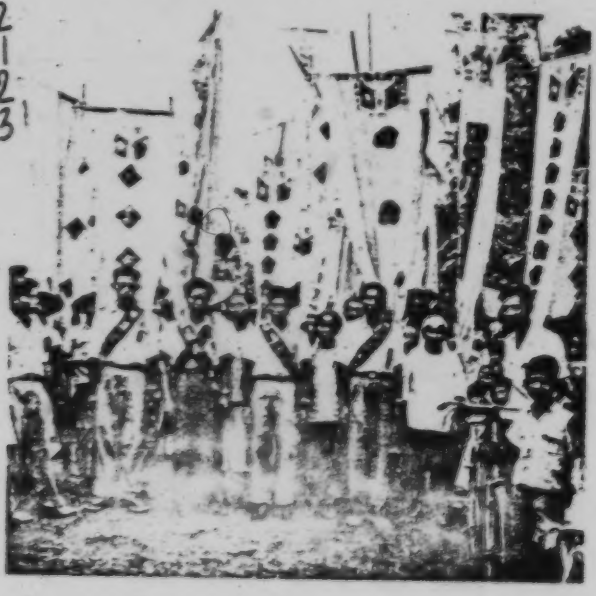

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P. 148-H]

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Possessed *t'ao t'ung* and his assistant recording "god's words."

Matsu procession: a successful call for rain.

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293

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien
Taiwan AD6

The City and the Market Town

In the few arcades streets closed to automobiles in the United States and England, one is conscious of the sound of feet on concrete, but in Taipei, even though the wooden clogs of the poor make much more noise than Western leather, one is conscious of voices. Children cry, women gossip, storekeepers greet friends and customers, peddlers inform passers-by of the quality and freshness of their wares, pedi-cab drivers shout warnings to pedestrians about to step in front of them, neighbors discuss the bargains they've found, and not infrequently family quarrels are presented for the world to judge. Winter or summer, day or night, there is always the smell of smoke—coal smoke, charcoal smoke, fuel oil. Often it is delicately embroidered with a thread of incense coming from a family altar in the back of a store or from a small temple tucked down a side alley. The air is heavy with smells, not just smoke, but the oily smells of cooking, the salty smell of drying fish, the sharp tang of pickled vegetables, the elegant smell of sandalwood being fashioned into boxes and furnishings for the rich, and always somewhere in every neighborhood the smell of the "honey-wagon," a slow moving tank cart that goes from house to house to collect "night-soil."

In 1957 my husband and I arrived in Taipei and spent the better part of a year there, studying Mandarin. The following year, the majority of which I was forced to spend in the United States because of the illnesses of my parents, my husband searched the island for a suitable village in which to carry out the anthropological field project that had brought him to Taiwan. I returned not to the noisy, jostling city but to a small, quiet village on the banks of the Tamsui River. In its way of life, Peihotien was far from Taipei; in miles, the distance was not great. With luck and a feeling of urgency, the trip from the Taipei train station to our doorstep could be made in an hour, half by train and half by foot. The train rumbled through Taipei suburbs, a small city, a couple of small market towns, and much open paddy land before it dropped us in the market town of Tapu. Tapu is the buying, selling, repairing, and general servicing town for a number of villages, including the one in which I was to live.

The Tapu train station opens onto a little square; the square in turn opens onto the main street of the town. I have never seen the square completely empty, not even in the heavy rains that break the heat of summer afternoons. There is a man who sells hot noodles from a little cart, another with fresh fruit, another with newspapers and gaudy magazines.

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien
Taiwan AD6

and gaudy magazines. There is often an itinerant peddler or two during the afternoons, keeping up a steady stream of jokes and praise for his merchandise that would win approval from any sideshow barker. And evenings, particularly the warm, humid evenings of summer when houses are empty and life moves to the doorsteps and walkways, there are elaborate traveling medicine shows with magicians, or acrobats, or strongmen, or even modest operas. On those nights it is difficult to pass through the crowds, and the foreigner's white face isn't half as interesting as the antics going on under the bare electric light bulb that serves as the peddler's spotlight.

The remainder of the trip to Peihotien is on foot. There are always a few pedi-cabs by the station, but one ride in an aged pedi-cab down a rutted country path is sufficient to discourage a second. The walk across Tapu down its main street shouldn't take more than two or three minutes but it usually took me much longer. One side of the street is a roofed colonnade, protecting the shopper from the heat of the sun and the drenching of the rains. Here are the more substantial merchants of Tapu, the men who don't rent rickety stalls or push-carts but own or lease stores with sleeping rooms above or in the back for their families. Although there is a Western-style pharmacy in Tapu, as gaudy and cluttered as any American drug store, the old-fashioned Chinese medicine shop still does a better business. My husband often stopped there to talk with the druggist, an intelligent man who enjoys conversation, while I admired the rows of dignified crockery containers unsullied by advertising. Even on the hottest days the dim interior is cool and exotically fragrant. Next door is something that might be called a housewares store. From the open front to the dark, dusty back, the ceiling is festooned with the merchant's wares—bunches of brass tea kettles looking like giant clusters of pale grapes, chains of shallow, disc-shaped frying pans, strings of short-handled rice-stalk brooms, and ropes of household brushes. Stacked from floor to ceiling are baskets for straining, baskets for carrying, baskets for drying, baskets for fishing, baskets for storing. A shaky tower of pointed bamboo hats that serve the farmer as both umbrella and sunshade perch on an old wooden counter. Hanging from rusty nails are a collection of razor-sharp cleavers that function in the Chinese kitchen both as paring knife and butcher knife; there are dishes, cheap and easily broken; there are small tin cooking stoves that on careful examination prove to be ingeniously constructed of flattened beer

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

chapter 6

[p.59]

LIM SO-LAN: A SECOND WIFE

About twenty years ago a former villager who still owned a building site in the heart of Peihotien decided that his land should be earning money. On it he built a long brick building that looks very much like a warehouse. He cut four doorways in the front and a smattering of windows and fitted the interior into four separate apartments. Two of the apartments were sold to their present occupants; the other two are leased by families who came to the village within the last ten years. All four families are fragments. They each have an ancestral altar in their guest halls, but two of the altars, though littered with images of gods and ritual paraphernalia, lack ancestral tablets. There are ancestral tablets on the other two altars, but the surnames on them are not the same as that of the family who burns incense before them. The apartments are spacious, in good repair, and in all but one case show evidence of an adequate income. But, the people who live in them are not families in the Taiwanese sense of the word. Their past is not tied to a neat line of descendants; their present is in a house that displays no confidence in the future—wings cannot be added on to an apartment to shelter future generations of married sons and grandsons.

Lim Hue-lieng bought the largest apartment in this row house when he moved his second wife and his daughters out of his father's house. Lim So-lan still lives there with her two daughters, her eldest daughter's husband, and her three grandchildren. She is in her middle forties now and looks her age. She wears the modified Western clothes

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

typical of her generation; once or twice a year she has a permanent wave; she does not wear lipstick or resort to any of the other subterfuges of aging pretty women; she has put on a little weight; she would never be noticed in a crowd. Lim So-lan looks and acts the part of a respectable, middle-aged, village housewife. Even the most malicious gossip in the village can only say of her, "She is a good person. Quiet. Hardworking."

Lim Hue-lieng did not leave his second wife in a very comfortable position. She told me with no bitterness, "We didn't try to save money. We ate very well right up to the day he died." He left her the house, but he also left her with some debts that were either unknown to his father's family or ignored by them. Many women in her position would have refused the bills and sent the creditors to her husband's family, but Lim So-lan chose to settle her own affairs. I heard the following conversation between Lim So-lan's aged mother and a relative from a nearby village.

Relative: "Your So-lan is always busy. She is really a worker."

So-lan's mother: "How can she be anything else? If she didn't work hard, how could she pay off the debts her husband left her? She is always asking people if they need help in the fields. She will do any kind of work."

Relative: "Has she paid that money off yet?"

So-lan's mother: "To the outside people, yes, but she still owes NT$3500 to our family. The thing that really worries her is that daughter of hers, Gioq-ki. Gioq-ki gambles too much and that really makes her mother mad. She usually is the one who has to pay the money that Gioq-ki loses. My So-lan is trying to save some money for herself now. A-hua gives her all the money she makes in the factory, but even though Gioq-ki's children are always begging for pocket money from So-lan, Gioq-ki never gives her any household money. The money the children get for candy is all their grandmother's.

"The only money So-lan owes now is to our family and she doesn't have to pay it back if she doesn't want to. It doesn't matter. She can pay it back if she wants to, but she doesn't have to."

One of Lim So-lan's close friends elaborated on the family's finances: "A-hua gives all of the money she earns in her uncle's factory to So-lan. So-lan works at odd jobs too, and the money they make pays for coal, electricity, soap, and things like that. Gioq-ki's husband pays for the family's food. Gioq-ki owes a lot of money

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

formal public statement of his eldest son's return to the status of son. A-pou was fond of her foster parents and saddened by the pain Lim Hue-lieng's desertion had caused them. If she refused the marriage, she would not only add to their pain but would also bring to an end the family's obligation to provide for her. To remain in their house under such circumstances would be unthinkable, but for a young woman of A-pou's temperament, the alternatives were too grim to be considered seriously. Where could she go, and how could she support herself and the daughter they had adopted for her—if indeed they allowed her to take the child with her? There were, after all, many advantages to the marriage. The simple ceremony making her a wife as well as a daughter-in-law would greatly improve her status both in the village and in the family itself. And, as the wife of the eldest son, she would have some control over her own future, particularly as the elder generations began to turn over their authority. Lim Hue-lieng's obvious indifference to her might even be an advantage since he would not be likely to remove her from his parents' home and protection. The abhorrence many adopted daughters feel toward coitus with their foster brothers may not have been as pronounced in A-pou's case. Lim Hue-lieng's long absence and the many romantic rumors circulating about his amorous exploits may have given him enough glamour to cloak if not destroy the familiarity that gives rise to feelings of incest. The security of being the eldest daughter-in-law in an increasingly prosperous family could make up for a great deal of what was lacking in the conjugal relationship.

Whether or not Lim A-pou weighed all these advantages and disadvantages, we have no way of knowing. Her decision may have been far simpler. The only respectable thing for a young woman to do in the first quarter of this century was to obey her parents, and A-pou's desire for respectability was, and still is, intense. It is the key to many of her present attitudes and was undoubtedly the motivation for much of her childhood docility. During my first few weeks in the Lim household, there were so many unfamiliar names to be attached to unfamiliar faces that I resorted to descriptive nicknames in conversations with my husband and staff. Lim A-pou was dubbed "the old lady." When I finally sorted out ages and names and relationships, I was amazed to find that she was not quite fifty years old. Unlike every other village woman her age, Lim A-pou wears the old-fashioned Chinese costume and hair style only seen now on Taiwanese women

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

over 70. Around the village she wears dark cotton pants, hemmed to a clumsy level between ankle and knee, and a white Mandarin smock, sleeveless in summer and long-sleeved in winter. For her infrequent trips to Tapu or nearby temples, she wears dark Mandarin-collared dresses cut so loosely and with such decorous side slits that their generic relationship with the fashionable, clinging cheong-sam of Hongkong is questionable. Her hair is parted in the middle and pulled tightly back into a neat knot low on her neck. It is rarely disordered even in the roughest of farm work because (much to the horror of my modern minded interpreter) she keeps a heavy coating of fat on it.

Lim A-pou's extraordinary old-fashionedness, or devotion to tradition, is not limited to her dress. I found her, as do many of her neighbors, an excellent informant on ancient home remedies, rituals for placating household gods and ghosts, techniques for protecting pregnant women, and for purifying rooms following childbirth. Part of her conflict with her late husband's younger brother, Lim Chieng-cua, results from his introduction of more economical practices in the ceremonies honoring the ancestors. Many families on Taiwan now combine the ceremonies celebrating their more distant ancestors' birth and death days, presenting the expensive offerings of meat and fowl to them all on the same day, rather than repeating the expense for each on their specific anniversary. Besides this, Lim Chieng-cua also abolished the bi-monthly offerings to Tu Ti Kung—a less expensive ceremony but one that has not been celebrated in many households for decades. A-pou bitterly resented these omissions and continued to offer an apologetic bit of incense each night and morning to preserve what to her was at least a semblance of propriety. When Lim Chieng-cua installed the new pump in the house without consulting the almanac, A-pou was angry for days. According to the almanac, the Placenta God was resting in that particular room on that particular day. Through Lim Chieng-cua's negligence, the little god was disturbed or injured, and he took his vengeance on A-pou's grandson in the form of a high fever. Before the fever was finally controlled with an injection of penicillin, Lim Chieng-cua and his nephew, the father of the child, had to endure a week of foul humor, both of them alarmed by the illness and neither of them believing in A-pou's theory of causation.

Due to the indiscretion of the only other person who knew of the event, I learned of Lim A-pou's one lapse from rigid respectability.

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
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People would laugh at me. They would say, 'Huh! Look at the Lims now. In former generations they were so good and now they are just the same as us!' When my father and grandfather were alive, nobody dared to say anything more on a subject after they had spoken. Even older generations came to them for advice. It is because of this kind of a past that I don't like to talk about the family's problems with other people and let them laugh at us."

A-bok's comments were interrupted a good many times as the result of our vastly different weeding speeds. In substance he said: "You saw the quarrel I had with my uncle the other day [about the cucumbers], and you know all about it. I am too easy going. I let people look down on me. I don't know how long my life will be, but even if I don't see it, my children or my grandchildren will see if he [his uncle] treats his own children as 'well' as he has treated me. I just keep my head bowed and go on working. When he scolds me, I don't say anything back if I can help it. Whose temper is worst? My grandfather's was the very worst, but he didn't beat me. My own grandfather didn't find reasons to beat me, but now the younger brother is beating the older brother's children. [To a Chinese this is something like saying the world is turned upside down.] I don't think my uncle's children will just stand there and let him beat them when they grow up. His eldest son has a bad temper, and even worse, he holds a grudge over the tiniest things. Le-cu [Lim Chieng-cua's eldest daughter] will fight with you but then she forgives and forgets. I know what people are saying about me in the village. Some of them think I am right, and some of them think my uncle is right. Like Ong Liong-hong [a family confidante who runs a small general store on the outskirts of Taipei]. He thinks my uncle is right.

"My mother gets more and more angry because my uncle's children have several new sweaters and ours are full of holes. My wife keeps begging me to let her buy a pair of white shoes. I told her she couldn't because I didn't want anyone [i.e., Lim Chui-ieng] to talk about us. So what happens? Everytime my aunt walks out of the door, she has a different pair of shoes on. Yet everyday I hear her complain to you that it is harder for her to get money than for a beggar. So where does this money for shoes come from then? When it isn't her turn to cook, she is always off visiting this one and that one. You can't tell me that you can go visit people in other towns without

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
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instead of turning to the dubious activities of the *lo mua*, they are violent only in defending the good name of their district and chastising in dark alleys any luckless mainland soldiers who force their attentions on "good" Taiwanese girls. Currently, their main activity seems to center on finding places to dance and people to dance with, an illegal activity during this period. Masa is much sought after as a dancing teacher and is reputed to be "the best." He is a romantically handsome boy with a surprising wave in his thick hair, but he does not look like a Lim. He has the charm, the temper, and the leadership potential typical of the rest of the Lims, but he is the only child of Lim Hue-lieng who has no physical resemblance to him. He has instead the short, square, powerful body of his mother, a rounder face and the broad Taiwanese nose.

I neglected to ask the family why he was known by a Japanese nickname, but regardless of the reason the name is appropriate. The image of Japan held by the younger people in the village is a composite of Japanese popular songs, colorful Japanese movies, and soft drink advertisements picturing pretty Japanese girls with friendly smiles. Masa is one of many village boys who cherish this image as an alternative to the life they know in Peihotien. As the men of his grandfather's generation chaffed under the restrictions of a Japanese colonial government and longed for the return of a Chinese administration that they could not remember, so the young men of today look upon a past they were too young to know, as a time of freedom and plenty. They read the second rate Japanese novels that are banned on Taiwan, and wear with excessive arrogance the humble Japanese *zori* that the Chinese government foolishly attempted to ban (and has since started manufacturing themselves). Nearly all of these young people have stop-gap jobs of one sort or another which bring them a little spending money but nothing that suggests a beginning in adult life. They simply wait, passing the time as pleasantly as they can. Masa and several others his age participate in the village band that marches in all religious processions, but the religion itself they scorn. Few Taiwanese take religion with the earnest seriousness that Westerners demand, but the young men of Masa's group (and that does not include all the young people of the village) laugh at the shamans, regard the priests in the temples as cynical men who have found a soft job, and ancestor worship as a tradition that must be carried on only for the pleasure it gives the old people in the family.

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
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ceased when she entered the family of Tan. Even though she had been an adopted daughter in the Lim house for ten years, she had been sent with all propriety to the home of her future husband. If she left that family as a respectable bride, she should have brought her troubles back to them, or even to her natal family if she knew their whereabouts. Instead, A-hong always brought her problems home to the Lims. A quarrel with the man who was currently supporting her was grounds for a week's vacation at the Lim's. If she had trouble finding a new "friend," she stayed for awhile with the Lims. Her eldest daughter, Chun-ieng, spent as much of her childhood under the care of Lim Han-ci's wife and Lim A-pou as she did with her mother. Why Tan A-hong felt she could make such demands on the family, and why they allowed it, is a puzzle, but she continues to do so to this day.

Chun-ieng was born during the war. Many children were sent into the country during those years to protect them from the American bombings and so Chun-ieng, of course, was sent to the Lims. A-hong's second child was a son. When he was five or six, A-hong was living with a man, apparently not his father, in Tainan. They quarreled one evening and in a fit of temper she ran out, leaving him with the boy. She stayed away for nearly two weeks, during which time the boy contracted measles. A-hong's gentleman friend did his best at an unfamiliar job, but when A-hong recovered her good humor and returned, her son was dead. Sometime later she adopted a daughter who succumbed to a similar disease before she was old enough to walk. Finally, in A-hong's fortieth year, when her fading looks had forced her to work in the least desirable brothels of Tainan, she gave birth to her daughter, Chai-ngo.

When I met Tan A-hong, it was as hard to believe that she was only forty-five as it was to believe that she had once been a very pretty woman. She is quite short, fine boned, with delicate wrists and ankles, but now her back is stooped and her shoulders hunched, perhaps, as many people suggest, from the long hours she spends at the gambling tables. Her face is beautifully proportioned with a small, thin nose, high cheek bones, fairly large eyes and a fine wide brow. But now, her cheeks are sunken and lined, and her high cheek bones suggest too strongly the skeleton that lies beneath the sallow, muddy skin. Her hair is no longer thick, but it is still unusually fine in texture. She combs it so rarely that its quality goes unnoticed. She dresses in the fashion of the poorest village wife, sloppily and with not a few greasy

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

spots on her skirt—but the sweater she throws over her shoulders is often imported. Her voice is shrill or gives that impression because she is nearly always scolding or complaining about something, but one can imagine that it was once a light feminine soprano.

Tan A-hong had not had any permanent "friends" for some time before Chai-ngo was born, and after her birth she found it more and more difficult to make a living. Chun-ieng was sent out to work. She was nineteen when I first met her and had been working as a prostitute for four years. To me she seemed more like a sophisticated American teenager than the timid giggling village girls her age. She was considerably less curious about us then were her contemporaries in the village, but far less hesitant about satisfying her curiosity. The village girls went into paroxysms of shyness if I asked them a question, but Chun-ieng howled at my accent and then good-humoredly tried to answer my questions. I rarely saw her interacting with anyone her own age in the village, but she joins the games of small children with an abandon and glee that would bring blushes of shame to the cheeks of her stodgy peers. The childish pleasure she finds in cooking, in feeding the family's dog, or in watching a newly hatched flock of ducks is both unaffected and pathetic. When she is in the village, Chun-ieng dresses soberly and wears little or no make-up, but she is undeniably different from the other girls her age. Her upright bearing, her poise in conversation, and even her smooth, pale skin are out of place in the muddy lanes and the coarse brick farmhouses. She is tall, unlike her mother, but her bones have the same delicacy. Her face is long and thin, giving her high cheekbones the drama that her mother's lack. Her eyes are a bit too small, but she shapes her eyebrows carefully to minimize the defect. She doesn't cut her fine black hair, nor allow it to be frizzed by cheap permanents. Often in the village she pulls it back into a pony tail, giving her an innocent Alice-in-Wonderland look. She loves to gossip and has great skill in spinning a simple anecdote into an intriguing story. Without slipping into vulgarity, she can entertain the rather staid women of the Lim household with endless stories about her work—she can even keep Lim A-pou sitting for awhile. There is always more laughter in the house when Chun-ieng is home.

Prostitutes in Peihotien occupy a rather ambiguous position, resembling in no way the status forced on a prostitute, retired or active, in an American small town. They are considered "more inter-

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5 Peihotien

a sincerity that frightened all of us, stood her ground and encouraged her mother. "Kill me. I truly don't care. Just kill me and be done with it." Lim A-pou pushed the girl out of the room.

Tan A-hong often accuses the Lims of conspiring with and pampering her daughter. Her accusations are not unjustified. The Lims keep Chun-ieng's secrets, hide her money, and even find time in their busy schedule to do her laundry when she is in the village. One day when the women were washing clothes at the river, I overheard the following exchange between A-bok's wife, A-ki, Iu Mui-mue (another adopted daughter of the Lim family), and a neighbor.

The neighbor asked, "Isn't that Chun-ieng's blouse?" A-ki nodded. The next question was inevitable. "Does she pay you for that?"

A-ki answered diffidently, "No, I only wash a few things for her when she is here."

Iu Mui-mue laughed and said, jealously, "She doesn't pay you, but she bought your baby an outfit that cost over a hundred dollars."

A-ki giggled and said, "That is why we say we are going to give her my daughter to be her adopted daughter."

Mui-mue responded, scornfully amused, "Adopted daughter! Yes, you'll give her to Chun-ieng now, but when she gets older, you'll want her back."

A-ki, still giggling, said, "That's just what Chun-ieng said the other day. She said, 'Oh, I'll adopt you now, little girl, and feed you, and when you get old enough to earn some money, you will give it all to your mother and not to me. No sense feeding you!' I told her she was the same way. Mother [A-pou] fed her when she was little, but now when she makes money, she gives it all to her own mother."

Mui-mue retorted, "She gives money to Lim A-pou, too."

A-ki was quite indignant. "She only gives her a few dollars now and then—nothing like she gives her mother."

Mui-mue countered that easily. "Well, A-hong has nobody to eat with [no family], so of course she has to give her more money."

A-ki began to worry that she had said too much. "Chun-ieng treats her mother very well. She buys her the best food and lots of nice clothes and gives her money to gamble with. She treats her very well."

The neighbor, one of A-hong's gambling companions, disagreed.

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
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more acute were uneasy at his obvious enjoyment of profitless discussion. Several times I saw this uneasiness in A-bok's face—a face and perhaps a character more similar to Lim Han-ci's. Thiam-hok's dreamy thoughts and his father's intellectual speculations suggest weakness to the villager. And in a world where each meal can be measured in hours of hard labor, they are a weakness. I hope his neighbors concluded after our departure that the hours Lim Chieng-cua wasted with us were only a modern variation of the hours he wasted in the company of his mistresses.

I learned as much about the economics of the Lim household and the Lim factory as I could hope to from a rational businessman. I did not, however, learn anything from Lim Chieng-cua about the problems that beset his family. We always talked around them, addressing ourselves to the general problem of why families cannot achieve the ideal to which they all give lip service. My own notions about the tensions that tear apart the extended family, many of them based on simple observation of the Lims, were presented to the head of the Lims and after some thought agreed to by him, but his examples were always in terms of some other family. There was a reserve, often camouflaged by dry humor, that prevented me from being as ruthless with personal questions as I was with other villagers. Lim Chieng-cua held in his mind a clear picture of his family as he wanted us to see it, and even if he thought we might be aware of the flaws in this picture, he was not willing to discuss them. We were to see a thriving, industrious farm family, supplementing its income with a moderately lucrative home factory. Family members all contributed to the common pot and received from the common pot, with final authority resting in the senior male, the head of the household. This was not a simple game of presenting a shining face to the foreigner. We were only bystanders. The more important audience was the village, the larger world of Hotien, and distant but important relatives. It was for many years a deception in which the entire family participated, with varying degrees of willingness. It had not always been a deception.

Lim A-pou's dissatisfaction with the administration of the family budget was more openly expressed during the second year of my stay in the village, and in terms of simple facts, she was often justified in her complaints. She refuses to accept, however, that a man who must obtain custom from city businessmen must dress better than a farmer, that school-age children require more clothes than children rolling

212 sixth-grade level material to a sample of villagers beyond age twenty who were primary school graduates. Although many were unable to read even half of it, several ran through it very quickly and easily. Functional illiteracy therefore is probably much higher than official [562] figures indicate, particularly in rural areas. Illiteracy is probably also higher among women than among men. Men are more apt to work where continued reading is necessary and this helps to maintain facility. Also, although school attendance is now equal for both sexes, more males than females attended schools in the past.

Clothing

291 177 Today, the clothing in Sanlei tends to be predominantly Western in form. Ready-made clothes are purchased in town or from itinerant peddlers. A village seamstress makes others.

291 177 561 [855] [514] A small child wears a kind of jumper, split at the crotch, so that when he squats, the split widens allowing elimination without soiling his clothes. A standard uniform is worn to school: khaki trousers and shirts for boys, skirts and blouses for girls, tennis shoes for both. In warm weather, except for school, most children go barefoot. On the way home from school, children may carry their school bags on one shoulder and tennis shoes slung over the other.

291
177 The most common clothing for men is Western cotton
wash trousers and a shirt or T-shirt. In warm weather,
trousers are usually short. In colder weather, more lay-
ers are worn, trousers on trousers and shirts on shirts,
[292] to be topped with a sweater or jacket. A man probably
owns one dress-up suit which is saved for special occas-
ions and worn with a shirt and tie. The suit lasts for
years and was probably acquired for his wedding. Since
the jackets last longer than trousers, replacement of
the trousers results in unmatched dress-up outfits for
older men. Underpants are often very colorful, much like
the old flour-sack[8] material in the United States. Under-
shirts, when worn, are either T-shirts or the jockey
[513] type. Pajamas, two piece, are usually worn to bed and
also, in the evening after dinner in the leisure period
before going to bed. Most of the time, in warm weather,
men go barefoot or wear wooden clogs. The Japanese-style
clog with the very thick soles are only for leisure in the
evening. Occasionally, men wear a high boot with the big
toe separated much like a mitten for work in the field.
With these boots which were copied from the Japanese, the
trousers are bloused. A pair of leather shoes is pur-
chased for a wedding but rarely worn thereafter. A few
old men wear a Chinese jacket but old-style Chinese trou-
sers were not observed. Some men wear modern raincoats
but most older men prefer the old-fashioned rush mat coat.

291 A few young men are quite "mod," slim tight
177 trousers, sport shirts in "psychedelic" colors, and leather
561 jackets. Two village boys who dress in this style regularly play a guitar and sing the modern songs in Japanese or Chinese. Modern Japanese songs are very popular and young people learn to sing them by copying records although speaking little Japanese. Village boys are thereby imitating the young sub-culture of urban dwellers in their early twenties.

291 Women usually wear cotton skirts and blouses. Underneath, they seldom wear slips or brassieres but do wear underpants made of the same previously described "flour-sack" material, in a shape and form not unlike tight peddle-pushers nearly reaching the knees. There is no immodesty attached to exposing underpants. To assume a favorite working position, a woman merely hikes her skirt up to her waist and squats. For work in the fields, women often wear trousers which tuck into split-toe boots, long-sleeved tight-necked blouses, cotton gloves, all topped off with a straw hat fastened by a cloth over the top tied under the chin. This outfit offers protection from thorns, insects, and the effects of the sun. The wide straw hat which provides protection from both the
291 sun and rain is worn often by men and women alike. A few
561 older women wear the traditional Chinese jacket with pantaloons but only very old women wear a chi pao (the

291 traditional high-necked slit-side dress) of dark coarse
561 material for work. Younger women do have chi pao of fine
[292] material which they wear for important affairs. However,
in the recent period, a chi pao is usually first acquired
[177] for an engagement or wedding. Younger girls usually wear
293 Western-style outfits for trips to town. Women usually
carry umbrellas to protect against rain and sun alike.
291 At night, women too wear pajamas but less often than men
[513] wear them out on the street in the evening. Footwear is
[177] not unlike that for men except that young women more of-
[562] ten wear Western-style cheap shoes. Women also are more
likely to wear traditional cloth slippers in the home.

302 Special identifying haircuts are required of stu-
305 dents. Men go to the barber about once every two weeks
and usually have a shampoo and a shave as well as a hair-
cut. Women in Sanlei very seldom go to a beauty shop al-
though there is a beautician in the Erhlei barber shop.
302 Young women wear makeup now for trips to town although
teased by villagers, "You look like a prostititue" (see
593 Glossary C). Parents attempt to control their daughter's
dress and behavior but do not have much success. The
girls are now earning money and are economic assets. If
they are treated too harshly, they can easily move to the
city or to a factory dormitory.

296 Clothing in the village is worn until it falls
apart. There are many patches and even patches on patches.

291 However, when a young woman dresses for town, it would be
369 difficult to distinguish her from her big city sister. Everyone agrees that people are no longer thrifty regarding clothes. Now people "dare to spend money" (see Glossary C).

Dwellings and Community Buildings

346 There is only one real community building in Sanlei village, the temple which is described more fully in
347 Chapter VII. There are two public stores but these can be little distinguished from the main room in a standard dwelling. The barber shop is merely one room in the barber's house.

342 The materials used to construct dwelling units are an indication of historical sequence. The original buildings were constructed of bamboo stakes, pounded in the ground, with mud daubed on both sides, and roofs of thatch. Two one-room rude huts in the village still represent this construction method.

The next development was mud brick, plastered on each side, with a thatch roof. More recent has been the substitution of a tile roof. Over a third of the houses in the village are of this style construction. Since the walls are subject to weathering, the house has an economic life of only thirty years and must be replastered every ten years. Many people say these houses are coolest in

463 most of the T'oulei business and vice versa for the
621 T'oulei electrician. Although it is now not considered a
628 direct exchange on a one-for-one basis as in barter, it is almost as if the two villages were trading services for there are felt obligations on each side. For most of the different kinds of technical services required in Sanlei there are regular known sources to be utilized with only a few alternatives. Going outside the boundaries, i.e., hiring an electrician from Hsin Tien instead of T'oulei for instance, will cause more comment and pressure than to do the job yourself. In a sense, Sanlei village may be perceived as a unit in a large system of units with which it engages in economic transactions. Although no single unit is self-sufficient, the larger collectivity could easily exist as a closed system in spite of the fact it is currently a part of a larger world market.

A Case of Technological Obsolescence

178 About 1935, a Mainlander who injured his foot in a
• 291 mine accident moved into Sanlei village to earn a living
472 since he could no longer work in the mines. As a boy in Fukien, he had learned to make the wooden clogs that were so popular in Taiwan. They were constructed of wood and saisal bands, both of which were available in the mountains near Sanlei. Since it was difficult for the Mainlander to travel to the mountains for the raw material and to town to sell the finished products, he brought two

4:Barnett E-4.5 (1965-1967) 1970 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
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178 neighbors into the business as partners. The business
291 seemingly filled a necessary niche and one man taught
472 another and before long, over 30 of the 40 families in Sanlei were engaged full-time or part-time in the clog business for a man often could earn more making clogs than he could as a farm laborer.

[458] Business dropped off slightly during the war be-
[177] cause of a shortage of labor although two villagers branched into the production of the thick Japanese clogs and installed a special machine in the village. After the war, there was another spurt in production but the plastic industry (replacing saisal bands) and mass production techniques came to Taiwan and as a result, the village clog business was totally wiped out within six months.

Both the inauguration of the clog business and its eventual demise were factors affecting village life. The inauguration was especially important for women's roles as will be illustrated.

178
423 The literature which deals with underdeveloped countries often calls attention to the shortage of land. In Sanlei village there is a felt need for more land, particularly paddy fields which is openly expressed and reflected in the artificially high price of the land. That is, the rate of return from a rented piece of paddy land is currently not as much as can be earned by selling

592 [596] to have a male manager. This is probably related to the uncertainty and irregularity of income and the planning needed for the investments in seed, fertilizer, and insecticide before returns are achieved.

592 591 Although not displayed in Table 4, there is no relationship between the sex of the manager and a residence pattern of matrilocal as opposed to patrilocal.[6] I felt that matrilocal households would probably have a higher incidence of female managers than patrilocal households but this was not supported (see Chapter V).

592 All money earned by household members is considered to belong to the family pool which is managed for the overall good of the household. The male head, whether or not he is the manager of the pool, is expected to have a regular personal allowance and any unmarried son or daughter who has a job and is contributing to the pool should also have a regular allowance and money should be set aside for their weddings (bride price or dowry as the case may be). Only women and children who do not work have no regular allowance.

592 593 [824] [412] [291] There is one regular exception: married women make brooms and straw hats in their spare time and the money they earn for these activities does not go into the family pool nor is anyone in the family supposed to question what the woman does with this personal money. She may spend it for family treats like flavored shaved

[262] [426] [454] [888]

462 on a piece work basis and orange-orchard weeding on a daily
476 rate. Both pay more than tea grading and are much harder,
245 employing young to middle-age married women. Once again, this is usually performed by regular recurrent groups although income is not shared. Employers from the village our outside hire a group by contacting one member of the group most of whom have one informal leader, an aggressive type in her forties who plans work ahead of time. She earns no extra money but seems to enjoy the power and prestige. Some individuals are hired as individuals and for smaller jobs, teams often break up into sub-units or even individuals.

562 Income from any of the above sources belongs to the
434 woman's family unit as does men's income. However, two
476 sources of income are not shared with the family and are
291 considered the personal resources of females: that derived
412 from making brooms and straw hats. This can be done only
462 in leisure time when other work is not expected, i.e., the time between cleaning up the dinner dishes and going to bed. Once more, some women work individually, but others jointly cooperate and share income.

462 There are other kinds of shared work activities
476 which are not involved with income, the housework such as cooking and cleaning as well as tending children. It was previously pointed out that women in extended families frequently share work or take turns and some women who are friends and neighbors often do the same. There are many